The Liberalist

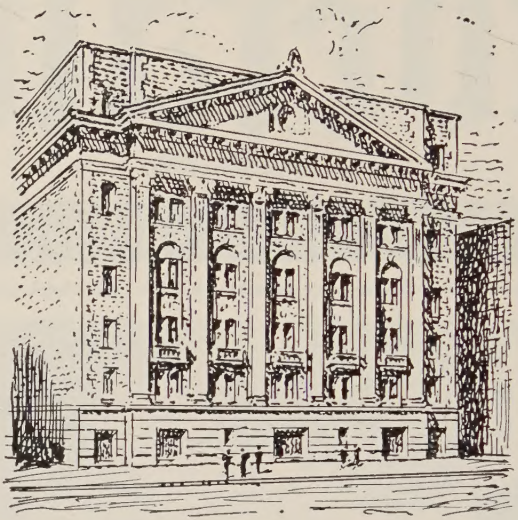
VOLUME XXXII MARCH, 1956 Number 12

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

But this I know: that from the star-strewn sky
There comes to me a peace that puts to rout
All brooding thoughts of dread, abiding death;
And too I know, with every fragrant dawn,
That Life is Lord; that, with the Winter gone,
There cometh Spring, a great reviving Breath.
It is enough that life means this to me;
What death shall mean, some sunny Morn shall see.

Thomas Curtis Clark

From "Knowledge"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ONE of the pleasantest reactions I get from my work is the opportunity which I have of meeting people who are accomplishing many worthwhile things. The wide variety of engagements which I make brings me in contact with many interesting and unusual people, whose interests are quite apart from my own professional activity. This has a tendency to broaden one's own point of view and enlarges the range of one's knowledge. I had an example of this the other evening when I was invited to give the invocation at the opening of the 1956 National Campaign for the American Heart Association and our Chicago Heart Association.

I have always been interested in the work of the Heart Association, long before the attention was being given to the heart which it is having today. Mr. S. DeWitt Clough, who is the Honorary Chairman of the Board of Abbott Laboratories, Vice-President of the American Heart Association and Managing Director of the Chicago Heart Association, has been my long-time friend. Mr. Clough has been interested in the Heart Association for many years and that interest increases as the years pass. He is a most unusual personality, and I am deeply honored with his friendship. The eyes of the entire nation were upon our opening of the National Campaign of the Heart Association this year, because of the presence of Dr. Paul Dudley White, who was the principal speaker. Dr. White, as you know, is one of the most eminent cardiologists in the world. He was a founder and past president of the American Heart Association and is Heart Specialist for our President, Dwight D. Eisenhower. I felt very honored when I was invited to sit at the speaker's table and to give the invocation for this important event, because it would give me the opportunity of meeting Dr. White.

The banquet was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Palmer House, which was filled to overflowing with people from Chicago and throughout the nation. The appointments of the banquet hall, the quality and service of the excellent dinner, together with the superior character of the addresses which were made and the importance of the personalities who made them will long be remembered in my heart.

The dinner began with the National Anthem, led by the distinguished vocalists, Miss Fran Warren and Glen Derringer, after which the President of the Chicago Heart Association, Dr. Louis N. Katz, introduced me for the invocation. The great audience stood in complete silence and one could sense the silent prayers of every person present when I concluded with a prayer for the restoration to health of our President.

The Honorable Richard J. Daley, Mayor of the City of Chicago, then was introduced, and read his proclamation which he had issued for the occasion. Then occurred one of the most impressive events I have ever seen at a banquet—and I have attended hundreds during the years—when a little boy afflicted with a heart condition which will require immediate surgery, went to the balcony where a large candle had been placed and, assisted by Dr. Irvine H. Page, of Cleveland, the famous heart specialist and President of the American Heart

Association, lighted the candle. The room was in perfect darkness, and as the light glowed from the torch of a huge heart-shaped receptacle there were few eyes at the banquet which were not dimmed with tears.

Following this impressive ceremony there was thrown on a screen a brief film of Eddie Cantor making a plea for the support of the heart fund. You will recall that Eddie Cantor himself has had a heart attack and is devoting as much of his energy as expedient in promoting the heart fund. He spoke briefly, impressively and sincerely and made a profound impression upon the guests.

The principal speaker, Dr. Paul Dudley White, was then introduced. Never in my lifetime have I met a simpler, more genuine, sincere type of personality than Dr. White. Born in Massachusetts, a resident of Massachusetts and identified with the great Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, he has achieved world fame in his study of the human heart. I visited with him for some time before his address and was delighted to learn that he is a member of the Unitarian Church in Melrose, Massachusetts, where an old friend, the Rev. John Nichols Booth is the minister. Mr. Booth graduated from Meadville, University of Chicago, and was minister for some time in Evanston, before going East. Dr. White said to me that he attended church the Sunday before, heard Mr. Booth preach and that he preached an excellent sermon. How fortunate it is that in times of life and death we do not permit our religious differences or animosities to stand in the way of help. There are many people who criticise Unitarians and Unitarianism and liberal religion in their churches, but who recognize greatness and ability in other fields. The Presbyterian President, Eisenhower, and the Unitarian Dr. White have no differences when it comes to studying and healing the human heart.

Dr. White's address was most unique. He spoke with a decided Yankee accent. One could easily identify his locale in the first sentence. Every word he uttered projected sincerity, understanding and assurance of his position. It was in no sense of the word a technical address. He used few professional phrases and fewer medical expressions and yet he held the audience breathless with his common sense approach to the problem. I was fascinated by the fact that he brought along with him a copy of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," and to clinch one of his points he quoted freely from the book in that part where Alice was attempting to understand "going somewhere without moving." It was a most unusual thing to do and yet adjusted itself perfectly to the unity of his thought and was an extremely effective illustration for his purpose. He has a quiet sense of humor, and like all rich and beautiful humor it was undergirded with a philosophic idea. I shall never forget his address. Every sentence revealed his deep human sympathy and above all his impressive common sense. If I started quoting from the address it would take up all of the space in this month's Liberalist, but sometime I am going to find the time to write up a résumé of it, for it is something one would like to refer to again and again.

I extended to Dr. White an invitation to attend our service the next Sunday he is in Chicago and he graciously accepted. I hope it will not be too far away because I would be greatly honored to have him in my pulpit and to present him to our congregation and radio friends. He is one of the wisest men I have ever met. His wisdom, like all wisdom, is the result

of knowledge and experience. He possesses the uncommon faculty of revealing his wisdom without dogmatism, fanaticism or finality. I am quite convinced that our President finds in him not only one who understands his heart, but one who understands the heart of all mankind.

Obviously I did not discuss anything about the President with Dr. White. I hope I have more sense than to do that, but I imagine they have many interesting visits when they see each other, for they both are the kind of men each would admire.

At the banquet table I had the honor of sitting between Mr. Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., who is Chairman of the Board of the National Broadcasting Company and Chairman of the American Heart Association Public Relations Committee, and Mr. S. DeWitt Clough, of whom I spoke a few sentences back.

As I have been interested in radio ever since there has been any radio, Mr. Weaver and I had much to talk about. We talked about the whole broadcasting situation, the power of radio, the mistakes which have been made and are being made, the scientific advancement which is coming in the technical field, the coming and going of radio personalities and continuity of others—all of it was fascinating and interesting. His responsibility as the head of the National Broadcasting Company is great and it is one which he feels deeply. He has a basic desire that there should be an increasing quality brought into the whole radio picture: better music, better acting, better artists, better commentators, better programming all the way through. That he is achieving this none who know the radio industry can doubt, even at the expense sometimes of those intangible factors, the importance of which is altogether too highly accepted —the ratings. He recognizes the power of radio and its influence both for good and bad. Like all men of vision he is experimental and doesn't hesitate to try the untried and to adventure with the unknown factor. I felt very much better about the radio situation after spending an evening with him and listening to his plans and ideals and hopes.

Another personality I was very happy to meet was Bruce Barton, Chairman of the Board of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, and Chairman of the Board of the American Heart Association. Bruce Barton I had never met, but his father I knew well, for he was the distinguished Dr. William E. Barton, for many years Minister of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, and probably as fine a scholar and as fine a student of Abraham Lincoln as the clergy has ever produced. Dr. Barton wrote extensively on Lincoln and pioneered in Lincoln lore. Bruce Barton, too, has written several books: "The Book Nobody Knows" and "The Man Nobody Knows" being among them. These books I read when they were first published and read them with a great deal of interest. Mr. Barton endeavored to bring the Bible and Religion to the attention of people on their own level. He did not attempt to present a profound or scholarly interpretation, but to clothe historical truths and religious concepts in plain and simple terms. He was one of the earliest authors to popularize in this field and to many scholars and savants the word "popular" is anathema. His books, were they being published today, would meet with a much larger reception, and I wish he would do another one. He is a devoted Christian gentleman and attends Dr. Theodore Cuyler Speer's Presbyterian Church in New York City. He has been unusually

successful in his advertising agency, for it is one of the most successful in this country.

We talked about old Oak Park days when he was a boy and much about his distinguished and great father. Throughout the metropolitan area of Chicago today the name of Dr. Barton, of Oak Park, is remembered with love and devotion.

Mr. Robert E. Hunt, the Vice-President of The Northern Trust Company and General Chairman of the 1956 Heart Fund in Chicagoland shared the program. I had to leave before Mr. Hunt had finished because it was necessary for me to catch a late train for Iowa.

I laid awake a long time in my Pullman berth that night, thinking about the great occasion which I had just left. And I was thinking about what it meant in the study and research on the human heart. And how the gifts that people make and the work that they do is narrowing the field of our ignorance and increasing the lifespan of people who are afflicted with a heart condition. What is being done in heart surgery is almost unbelievable; and yet they told me that more progress was being made in heart surgery than in any other aspect of the heart field. Certainly one could make a contribution to no better cause than the heart fund.

* * *

February 10th.

This Liberalist will reach you early in March, but I am writing these words in mid-February. One week from today June and I are leaving on the R.M.S. "Mauretania" from New York for the West Indies. We are going to take 17 days of complete rest on what we hope will be quiet seas with blue skies For many years I have always taken a rest after Easter. This year I thought I would go before Easter and then continue straight on until the end of the church year after Easter.

I am having one of the busiest years of my pastorate, but fortunately and with deep gratitude I have been able to maintain the schedule. We are going to stop in Jamaica, the Virgin Islands, Venezuela, Cuba and the Panama Canal, and will return to Chicago on the 6th of March, when I shall resume my book lectures the next evening at 8 o'clock.

The Rev. Waldemar Argow, minister of the Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, who has filled our pulpit so successfully in the past, will preach on the last two Sundays of February, both morning and evening and will give the two book lectures, and Dr. Wallace W. Robbins, President of Meadville and a member of the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago, will preach on the first Sunday in March, at the morning service. Dr. Robbins has occupied our pulpit so successfully in the past I am sure you will all want to hear him again.

In the evening of March 4th, at 7 o'clock, the colored movie "MARTIN LUTHER" will be shown at 7 o'clock. It is the same movie that has been showing in the loop, with sound, and will be shown free of charge. Be sure to tell your friends of this unusual opportunity which the church is offering.

I have always believed it was better to conserve energy than to bring one's self to the point of exhaustion. It is better to build up reserve and create a potentiality upon which one can draw for the necessary activity of life.

It is impossible for me to tell you anything about the trip in this number, because I haven't left Chicago as I

write, but in the April number I shall tell you about our experiences.

It will be like going home for June and me to be on the "Mauretania," because I have crossed the Atlantic four times on that good ship and June has crossed on it twice. The Chief Engineer, Mr. Bain, is one of my good friends and we are looking forward to renewing our friendships with many of the staff and the crew.

The "Mauretania" is known throughout the Atlantic trade as a "friendly" ship and indeed it is.

* * *

Our faces and our hearts are turned toward the glorious Easter season. March and April are to be important months in the life of our beloved church. On Sunday, March 18th, I am going to observe my 44th Anniversary in our pulpit. There will be special services both morning and evening and in the evening service at 7 o'clock, I have invited the Rev. Dr. Kenneth Hildebrand, the distinguished minister of Central Church of Chicago to be with me in the pulpit and give an address. Dr. Hildebrand is one of the best-known clergymen in Chicago, a great humanitarian, a great friend. I hope that you will plan to keep Sunday, March 18th, for the church.

And then on March 25th is our Palm Sunday service, which begins the services of Holy Week, leading up to Easter Day on April 1st. There will be two services on Palm Sunday and then I shall preach every noon Holy Week at 12:15 in the Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark Street, in the loop, for the Civic Lenten Services. Those services will be held in the theatre every noon Holy Week and I shall preach every night at 8 o'clock in the church. There will be a beautiful Communion and Memorial Service on Maunday Thursday evening and our impressive Good Friday Night Service on Friday evening, March 30th.

On Easter Day there will be three services: at 9 o'clock, when we shall have the reception of new members and the christening of children; the 11 o'clock service which will be broadcast by WJJD; and the concluding Sunday Evening Service on Easter Night, at 7 o'clock.

I hope to see many of you at our services during the Lenten Season. We all need to strengthen our spiritual foundations. We shall plan as inspiring sermons and services as possible.

I shall return to our pulpit March 11th and shall be disappointed if I do not see you. It will be an auspicious day for our church, for on that day we shall dedicate our new carillon which will send out over Uptown Chicago beautiful sacred and classical music. I hope you can attend the Dedication of the Carillon!

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES

Wednesday Evenings in March—8 P.M.

March 7—"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS"—Walter Russell Bowie

March 14—"INHERIT THE WIND"—A lecture on the Play

March 21—"OVER HIS OWN SIGNATURE"—Leslie D. Weatherhead

March 28—"WE BELIEVE IN THE BIBLE"

HOLY WEEK

in the

PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan

PALM SUNDAY

March 25

11:00 a.m.—"Triumph and Tragedy"
7:00 p.m.—"Jesus—History's Greatest Heretic!"

ERLANGER THEATRE

127 North Clark Street (Loop)

March 26 to March 30

Noon Meetings in the Erlanger Theatre

Theme: "Life's Deeper Meanings"
Monday—"The Meaning of Faith"
Tuesday—"The Meaning of Hope"
Wednesday—"The Meaning of Love"
Thursday—"The Meaning of Friendship"
Friday—"The Meaning of Suffering"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

Every Evening, 8 p.m.

Theme: "We Believe"—"A Liberal Looks at the Fundamentals"
Monday—"We Believe in Man"
Tuesday—"We Believe in God"
Wednesday—"We Believe in the Bible"
Thursday—"We Believe in the Church"
Friday—"We Believe in Jesus"

EASTER SUNDAY

Three Great Services

9:00 a.m.—"Earth's Loveliest Morning"
Children Dedicated—New Members Received
11:00 a.m.—"The Easter Truth in Today's World"
7:00 p.m.—"The Life Beyond Life"
(Closing Sunday Evening Service)

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCAST

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning 11:00 to 12:00

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THE significance of the Lenten season becomes increasingly important with every passing year. Not only is it emphasized by the liturgical churches, but all religious groups are coming more and more to a realization of its true character.

As materialism does its utmost in every part of the world to destroy the spiritual faculties of men, it becomes necessary for all who believe in those attributes to utilize every opportunity for deepening the spiritual culture of man. The Lenten season creates that opportunity.

This is not a time for argument. It is a time for announcement. Not a period for the promulgation of uniformity, but for the demonstration of unity.

We have a classic example of this unifying process in the life and personality of the great teacher of Galilee.

Spiritual culture is the result of spiritual activity. We develop our spiritual perceptions just as we develop our physical muscles—by using them.

How can all of us, of whatever creed or church, or of no church, garner out of the experience of Lent something which will help this troubled old world rather than add to its confusion and chaos?

What about just making an effort to be more considerate and more kindly in our hour by hour and day by day relationships in the sphere in which each of us moves and lives? How about trying to be a little bit more understanding of those who misunderstand us? How about trying to improve the atmosphere of our own homes?

Let us make an effort to help someone who may be desperately in need or in trouble? How about our attitude toward those who may be engaged in menial occupations and who may have to work rather far down in the scale of life in order to live? How about seeing the good side of people and coming to the defense of one who is attacked by an enemy when not there to offer a defense? How about just saying to yourself: "I am going to start today and try and be a better individual, under the inspiration of my own humanity and my own influence in the world in which I live."

Remember, you are a part of the great creative energy, directing itself toward the fulfillment of the highest unity of life. A unified effort on the part of all who follow the idealism and truth taught by Jesus will solve every problem and difficulty of mankind.

"THE WRONG KIND OF GOODNESS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, January 29, 1956

MOST people never give very much thought, it seems to me, to what I think is a great truth—that there are many wrong ways to do good things! I don't think people give very much thought to that idea—that there are *wrong* ways in which we can do *right* things! Now if we're only thinking about results then, of course, the question is not very important! If you finally get the result of doing the right thing, what does it matter whether you have done it wrongly or rightly—if you are only interested in the final result! But the accumulation of character does not depend entirely and exclusively upon a final result and, certainly not, as it applies to our ability to meet some other challenge or some other difficulty that might come along.

Now I think most everybody *tries* to be good—I really do! We're in the kind of a world where you sometimes look out upon what people do, and you doubt it, but I think most people are trying to be good. *I'm* trying to be good. It's hard work, but I keep trying to be good—and most everybody *tries* to be good! Sometimes I wonder if, in the mere effort of trying to be good, we finally *may* be good, but we're losing a lot by *too much* trying! There are a lot of people who stand in the way of the solution of their own problems because they're trying too hard to solve them! They don't practice that little reserve, which gives a better perspective, so that they can view the whole situation inside and roundabout, because they're everlasting trying too hard! Now if you're trying really hard to solve your problems this morning, quit trying for the next day or two. Just quit trying, take a deep breath and sort of give a good sigh, and just say: "I'm going to forget the whole business for a little while! I'm just going to get out from *under* the anxiety and the spending of energy of *trying so hard!*" I know people who are working so hard at trying to be good that when they get good they can't enjoy it! They have tried *so hard,* morning, noon and night—"I'm trying; I'm trying; I'm trying!" Well, I thought that there might be a little thought for us to our own advantage and help and inspiration this morning in a little different point of view.

You know the story is told of two women who were standing at the backyard fence, talking over the fence about another woman! Now there's nothing particularly unusual in that—and it goes with the men too! They're just as bad as the women! Some of the worst gossips I've ever known have been men—they're just as bad! But these two women were standing at the backyard fence, and they were talking about another woman, but neither one of them *knew* what the other one thought about this other woman of whom they were talking! You see? That's very important in this story! And each of them was sparring to find out what the other one *thought* about the third woman! Now I suppose that that's been done too! But they just didn't know—the one didn't know what the other one thought about the one whom they were talking about—so they wanted to find out, and finally

one of the women made the remark: "Well, she's a good person anyway!" And then the other one said: "I don't like her either!" Now, *there's* the whole sermon! "Well, he's a good person all right; she's a good person all right, but . . . !" Then the little negative attitude of trying to do the right thing, but doing it wrongly, comes right out into the picture!

Now I have discovered that good people, fine people, who seem to have a *persistency* in doing good the wrong way are principally, by make-up, pretty hard people! Temperamentally, physically and intellectually, they are pretty hard! They have a sort of granite quality—inflexible in temperament and disposition! And that kind of person *inevitably* does the right thing the wrong way! Now that's a quality and a characteristic that we see about us all the time. I suppose that was the origin of the whole puritanical idea of goodness—to be good you never could have any fun, and the only good people were the severe people and the people who always spoke the truth and the people who never said a good thing about anybody, or if they did, they had to swallow while they said it! They're inflexible, and they're as hard as rocks! They're good people and they're doing good things—but, oh, how they're doing it! It's like Macaulay in his great essay on PURITANISM. Does anybody read Macaulay these days? I don't think so! They're too busy reading the ephemeral and the cheap and shoddy and the superficial, and looking at television and reading LOOK and LIFE! Nobody's interested in Macaulay, but Macaulay once said: "The Puritans were against bear-baiting"—you know what bear baiting is? No! Some of you shook your heads, and I'd have to spend a lot of time to tell you, but it's a sort of pit that was dug in order to trap bears. It was a very cruel thing, but they used to do it for "sport"! And Macaulay said: "The Puritans were against bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators!" Now there are a lot of people in the world who hate things, not because of the result of the things that they hate, but because it gives pleasure to somebody else! They just can't stand to see somebody else happy! I know people who are making themselves miserable every hour in the day because they *can't stand* to see somebody else that's happy! They're always a hard kind of people!

Did you ever hear the parable about the chocolate in the Christmas box of candy? Well, the chocolates got to arguing one day, why it was that one was always left in the box. And finally this poor little chocolate piped up and he said: "I know! Because I've got a hard-center!" That's what's the matter with us! We have a hard-center, and nobody wants us around; nobody thrills when we come; nobody is influenced by the radiance and the buoyancy and the constructiveness and the creativeness of our personality—we're hard! And that kind of a person is always critical too—*always* criticizing! I never knew a person in my life, and I've lived a long time, who was always critical of another person, who ever was a person very much loved! They were going through the world pretty much alone! They may have someone close to them who may love them and tolerate them but, when it comes to being loved, they're lonely people! The loneliest people I know are critical people—the people who can't thrill with any enthusiasm about a *good* thing that comes to someone else; the people who *can't* cheer, but *always* jeer! There isn't much difference, from a phonetic point of view, between a *cheer* and a *jeer,* but, oh, from the

deeper point of view there is a great difference!

They told me, when I was in Edinburgh, in Scotland, one time, about an old fellow who joined a kirk. And he was one of these dour, puritanical, critical, cold, granite-type persons who, if you saw him, about the last thing in the world you ever expected to hear from his lips was anything about the Love of God! He could tell you about the HATE of God, but he couldn't talk about His LOVE! So they elected him to the session of this kirk, and one of the members who knew him pretty well said: "Why, MacDonald, why on earth did they ever elect you to the session of this kirk? What qualifications have you got?" The old Scotsman looked up and he said: "Weel, aye kin rrraise objections!" And there are a lot of people in this world doing *good* things the *wrong* way, because they're hard and critical and can raise objections!

Ah, let's be constructive personalities; let's get over our criticism and our hardness; let's mellow-up to humanity; let's love, like the little ten year old boy who was carried to the arms of his mother, crushed by a bus in the street! And as the mother stood beside that little ten year old boy, over in the hospital, the little boy looked into the face of his mother, and said:: "Are *you* afraid?" And she said: "No, dear!" "Then *I'm* not afraid either!" The little boy absorbed his courage, not from his will-power, but from love of his mother! Love can work a miracle! Why not *permit* it to do so?

Special Forthcoming March Events to Remember

MARCH 4—On Sunday evening, March 4, at 7 o'clock, the beautiful colored movie with sound, "MARTIN LUTHER," will be shown in the Peoples Church. Be sure and invite your friends!

MARCH 11—Sunday, March 11, at 11 a.m., Dr. Bradley will dedicate the Carillon. His subject: "LET MUSIC FILL THE AIR!" At 7 p.m. his subject will be: "HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE WEST INDIES".

MARCH 18—Dr. Bradley's 44th Anniversary.

MARCH 25—Palm Sunday and the beginning of Holy Week.

BOOK CHATS

BECAUSE we are in the midst of Lent, there are some special books, mostly smaller books which we would like to bring to your attention. And first of all, for its poignant beauty, its directness and the beauty of its two messages, we speak of *The Heart of Peter Marshall's Faith*. Lent is a good time in which to renew our faith. Peter Marshall's inspirational messages will be good for us and will warm our hearts. This little book of 46 pages is taken from the book *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master*. It is an exquisite gift for Easter, priced at $1. The format is not elaborate—the book is in appearance just a plain dark

(*Continued on page* 14)

TO BE A SAINT

By GREGG CARTER

I WISH I were a saint! Yes, I wish I were a saint. Now please don't jump to the conclusion that, religiously, I have "gone off my rocker" and turn to the next page. For I wonder if you know what sainthood really is. Wanting to be a saint does not mean that I have a consuming urge to "save" you or the world. Few saints have ever tried to save the world and those who did made a spectacle of themselves as amusing as Ralph Waldo Emerson's description of a Unitarian revival meeting. Further, saints seem to enjoy drinking wine and singing songs if St. Francis may be seen as a good example. And, St. Francis preached to the birds. Although the birds' reactions were not recorded, there is one school of thought which holds that he was better received by them than most of us preachers are by people. In becoming a saint I don't hope to accomplish anything great in your eyes or in the eyes of the world. Certainly saints are not noted for being men of great wealth — unless they endow universities and churches or subsidize the theatre — this, however, raises them to the level of "angels," and saints are a very human lot.

Reflecting on the lives of men, James Martineau, the great English Unitarian theologian of the nineteenth century, believed he could suggest only three important ways in which men are distinguished: some become well known for what they *possess;* some for what they *achieve;* others for what they *are*. These three verbs, to have, to do, and to be, denote the three principle activities of men; by having, by doing, and by being, men come to be distinguished from each other.

There are those who *have*. Many of the world's most selfish people have had great wealth. But many selfish people are very poor, for those who may only be seen as *having* or *not having* are truly slaves to each other. Without each other their lives would be meaningless. For those who have, need a group of people who do not have in order to make their possessing have any meaning. Likewise those who don't have, need those who have in order to push them to try to get wealth and to make it look desirable.

History is made by the second and nobler group—those who prove themselves to be here, not that they may have, but that they may *do*. For those who do life is an adventure. They see life as a challenge and distinguish themselves by their courage. We say of them that "they battled for the right, they have won the fadeless crown." But how quickly fades that crown! What can we say of those heroes who cannot complete their tasks? There is something untimely and deplorable in their death. The great activity of their life needed more time for its fulfillment; and that time was denied them.

But there is a life higher than having or doing. This is the life of *being*. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all of his work is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of the world leave us nothing as great as the images we have of them. Their task is limited, but in the majesty of their spirit we glimpse what is essential and eternal. These are the saints.

The worth of a saintly life little depends on its quantity or the work accomplished; it is an affair of quality alone, and for its quality it is remembered if it is remembered at all. Though

Lincoln's life was brought to a tragic end by the murderer's bullet, as was Gandhi's, who can say that we know him less than if he had lived to great old age? It is with Christ-like minds as it was with Jesus himself. His divine work was not in the task he did, but in the image he left. You cannot say that there was any great work which he set himself to achieve and which was broken off by his departure. He neither founded a church, nor started a revolution, nor campaigned for public office —although all of these are worthy actions in some circumstances. Nor did he have much of the world's wealth, for he said "the foxes of the field have holes, and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." But Jesus lived long enough to let a heavenly light shine through to those whose lives he touched. And in so doing he has for all time stamped the image of God in man for a second time. At about thirty years of age he was cruelly crucified, but no one was ever heard to complain that he did not live till sixty. He thought that there was a work given him to do, unaware that by the very manner of his devotion to it, it was already done.

But we ought not to think of saints as merely portraying the divine for they have their human foibles. Take a St. Bridget, if you dare, who gave away everything she had and then started on her relatives' possessions, or Martin of Tours who, sharing his cloak with a beggar, cut it in two, and both of them froze. Saints seem always to be those who are not "popular," not "successful," and not "positive." A saintly life is a simple life, an inward life, a life that asks few questions of this world. And if saints have been noted for praying and fasting, they are also famous for miracles and other such lack of restraint. If you want to become a saint, first of all be yourself. I wouldn't be surprised if you did.

BOOK CHATS

(*Continued from page* 12)

blue-bound book. But Peter Marshall's messages are exquisite. It would be good for the whole nation to read his "Keepers of the Springs."

In the center of the book is a little prayer. You will recall that Peter Marshall, as Chaplain of the United States Senate, prayed as no one before him had prayed in the Senate. In this little prayer is this sentence:

"Our Father, we are beginning to understand at last that the things that are wrong with our world are the sum total of all the things that are wrong with us as individuals." and also: "We are too Christian really to enjoy sinning and too fond of sinning really to enjoy Christianity."

It is a great temptation to tell you all about "Keepers of the Springs," but the book is short—46 pages, as we have said—so do read it. Peter Marshall is so good for us! And delightful in his Scotch directness!

* * *

What better time could there be for reading *The Little Professor of Piney Woods,* by Beth Day, than the present moment when the few in this country who lack understanding are making it difficult for the Negro race.

We are told in a foreword to the book that on a Sunday afternoon, January 23, 1955, Jackson, Mississippi, witnessed "a heartening triumph in

democracy." That day, for the first time in the history of that southern state white and colored publicly shared a speakers' platform, to pay tribute to an outstanding citizen. The citizen was Dr. Laurence Clifton Jones, president and founder of the Piney Woods Country Life School. White and colored leaders, among them Governor Hugh White, referred to Dr. Jones as "Mississippi's First Citizen," "Modern Moses of the Black Belt" and "Mississippi's Booker T. Washington." Both white and colored leaders expressed their appreciation for this man who, for more than forty-five years, has quietly but persistently turned thousands of forgotten backwoods children into first-class citizens by providing them with an education, a home, and a new way of life.

Piney Woods Country Life School is located twenty-two miles southeast of Jackson in the hill country of Rankin County, has a three-quarter-of-a-million-dollar physical plant which includes substantial brick buildings, dairies, gardens, orchards and farm lands, and nearly a million dollars in permanent endowment, a regular enrollment of five hundred boarding students, and a staff of forty teachers.

The story of its founder is the story of its growth, from a handful of barefoot boys in a backwoods clearing to the present impressive institution. The founder was a Missouri-born, northern-educated Negro, who chose, at an age when most young men dream of financial success and personal luxuries, to come South and cast his lot with the poorest and most needy of his people.

As the first Negro graduate of the Marshalltown High School back in Iowa, he had been given an ovation by the audience when he received his diploma. When he completed his degree at the University of Iowa he received a dozen job offers, ranging from a subsidized career in musical comedy to a position with an insurance firm.

But south of the Mason and Dixon line none of these things seemed to matter. All Negroes were lumped together, regardless of their education or abilities. "I could understand," he said, "why anyone would want a man with a load of manure to go to the back door, but it was difficult for me to understand why a teacher, minister, or businessman should do the same." He found that the top job his college degree could command in Hot Springs was caring for a horse and cow; that all Negroes must go to the back door; that he was not to introduce himself, nor expect to be addressed as "Mister," and that he was slated with all the men of his race to the ignominious designation of "Boy," "Sam," or "George."

The most difficult of all the southern restrictions for Laurence to take was that of not speaking to a white man unless first spoken to. This was one rule he knew he would learn, only to break, when the time came. For, unlike his southern brothers, he had known white men on intimate enough terms in the past to realize that their hearts beat the same as the man of color.

The author, Beth Day, tells us that when the young man had completed the work for his degree, without explanation to family or friends, he pawned the watch that his Delta Tau fraternity friends (where he had waited on the table to help pay his way through college) had given him as a graduation present, bought a railroad ticket, and headed South. When he arrived at Braxton, Mississippi, and stepped from the Jim Crow section of the train, he had his valise of worldly possessions—a few clean shirts, a Bible, copies of Wallace's Farmer and Successful Farming,

and his college diploma from the class of 1907. In his pocket he had a dollar and sixty-five cents, his total money wealth.

It would be well for us who live up North to "Put our Paw in de Lion's Mouth," by means of this book and read the story of this brave man's struggle to help those whom he need not have helped except for the strong urge within his soul.

"As he plodded down the road he saw outlines of buildings in the distance. It was already late in the afternoon and he had not eaten since morning. But as he drew nearer he realized that they were houses, not cabins, and this meant a white settlement. He hurried on past . . . . . he saw more buildings, but even as he saw them, his heart sank. White again. He looked up at the sky with a worried frown. The sun was sinking fast—much faster than he liked. He scurried on past two white farmhouses, then slowed down to get his breath. Mile followed weary mile, and with approaching twilight came hunger and exhaustion, and still no sign of a Negro cabin. He must have missed his road and wandered by mistake into Smith County, where there were but few colored settlements . . . . . He paused a second before he went on, looking down the road, sizing up how far he must go to clear this little cluster of houses, and fear closed his throat, a strange fear that he had learned only this summer, but familiar to the southern Negro, who knows that all Negroes are suspect at night, that a glib tongue or a college education is no armor against random shots or the cry, "Nigger, what are you doing here?" . . . . . As he cleared the last lighted window, Laurence plunged into the black covering of the woods, then leaned against a tall pine to rest. He was trembling. Cold sweat stood on his temples. He was learning now, as his father had learned before him, what it was "to feel like a colored man." . . . . . Laurence considered lying down on the edge of the trail and resting his tired muscles till dawn. But the thought of the poisonous copperheads and rattlesnakes that infested the woods drove him on. Then in what seemed an endless march— . . . he made out, in a clearing ahead of him, the outlines of a one-room cabin from which the firelight flickered unevenly through the unchinked logs . . . . A dead silence greeted his hail, then a cautious black head peered around the door-frame. The familiar, heart-warming low query rang out in the still night air, "Who dat?"

"For Laurence, his knees buckling from exhaustion, his body weak from lack of food and the drenching aftermath of fear, those were the sweetest words he had ever heard. Two words that meant unquestioning hospitality, shared food, and the promise of rest.

"Cowpeas and corn bread—and a touching generosity. It was this spirit that made the young man swear to himself, once again, that he would bring help to these simple, sincere children of the woods—God willing."

The Little Professor of Piney Woods is only 192 pages in length. It is a heart-warming thing to read of faith and persistence which moves mountains. From a gift of land and the sheep shed of a Negro farmer, to the lumber for his first building given by a white mill owner, to the $500,000 in cash which poured into the Piney Woods post office when Ralph Edwards suggested that his TV audience mail one dollar bills for an endowment fund, Professor Laurence Jones has had the iron-strong faith to make all this possible.

The book is the true history of a singularly beautiful life, appealingly

told—of a stirring, spiritual and physical adventure which was sometimes tragic, and often humorous. It is the story of a fight against poverty, suspicion and prejudice. The victory is a triumph not only for Laurence Jones, but for men of good will all over the world. An inspiring book about an unforgettable man. Published by Julian Messner, $2.95. Perhaps if you would write to Piney Woods School, Piney Woods, Mississippi, you might receive also a copy of a little pamphlet, "A Brief Historical Sketch," by John R. Webster, telling of the early days of Piney Woods School.

Many of our members will doubtless remember that Dr. Bradley interviewed Dr. Laurence Clifton Jones a short time ago on WBKB-TV here in Chicago.

* * *

The Macmillan Company has published a book by Harriet H. Houser, a mother who began a true story about her son with the words "You've probably never read a story exactly like this one. You see, I don't know the ending . . ." The book is named for her fine young son, *Hentz, Of Things Not Seen*. Hentz dived from a springboard into water too shallow and was critically injured.

"I am neither a mystic nor a religious fanatic," the mother said. "I was brought up in a Christian home, for which I am thankful. As I matured I also matured spiritually; but had no occasion, until the tragedy in our family, to know the depths of that growth, nor to suspect the proportions it would assume. Without that constant consciousness of God's nearness during these past few years, I would probably have lost my mind."

The publisher himself says that he has an exceptional degree of personal enthusiasm for this book. That it is the true story of the faith, determination and courage of a mother who fought for the life of her son against overwhelming odds. It is a story that demonstrates the power of spiritual resources in the fight against adversity and despair. "It really points to the life of each of us and our real desire to find the secret of faith and love in a restless world . . . —a stirring account of things not seen."

Lent is a time for strengthening one's faith. That is why we are suggesting these inspiring stories of actual lives of faith.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

A SHORT time ago I read in the Magazine section of the Sunday Sun-Times about Mrs. Roy F. Layton, who was selected for the third time as International President of the Girl Scouts. Mrs. Layton said when she was elected International President the first time she was astounded. She had never been even a Girl Scout—and now she had been elected International President! True, she had wanted with all her heart to be a Girl Scout when

she was a young girl. But when the opportunity came, her parents had said "No." They were very old fashioned and couldn't think of a girl tramping off through the woods, even though duly chaperoned. So they had said "No." Mrs. Layton waited 26 years, until after she was married, to volunteer to serve on the Girl Scout Council. And now she was elected as International President.

She sat on the platform, too stunned to move at first. What should she say? She looked out at that sea of some 5,000 faces—Girl Scouts, Volunteers, parents and friends and was aghast. But they expected her to say something. So she stood up, walked to the front of the platform, looked out at the 5,000 faces, and suddenly they became individuals—individuals who had volunteered to help the Girl Scouts—who had just given their best. Suddenly she realized they didn't expect her to be great, but just to give of her best.

Her first words were: "Well, I'll try!" And the minute she said "I'll try," the rest came easy. She knew what to say.

Winston Churchill said: "Courage is the first human quality, because it is that which guarantees all the rest."

When you say "I'll try," energy begins to be generated, the motor starts up and you get under way. It is said that the inferior fellow who is afraid to try for fear he may make a mistake is out-distanced by the fellow who tries, makes mistakes, and becomes a superior fellow. How encouraging it is to know that we grow through our mistakes. I have seen several people climb right up the ladder of success through their mistakes. That was the way they learned how to climb.

When you're afraid to try for fear of making mistakes, you put up a wall around yourself, and a wall does two things. It not only shuts others out, shuts opportunity out, but it shuts you in.

Let us pull down the walls in this Lenten Season. The walls that have been shutting others out and shutting ourselves in. Let us release the love we have been withholding from our fellow man. Let us rise above the fears that have been holding us back. Let us accept the opportunities that come our way for enlarging the borders of our interests and our friendships. Let us, at the Easter Season, awaken as do the buds in Springtime and blossom forth, not only in our outer and material Easter finery, but let that be only the symbol of that inner blossoming that shows an awakened soul, expanding itself in the sunshine of that great Love that surrounds and encompasses us all.

* * *

The Mail Bag is crackling with its stack of letters, so let's open it up. Out pops a letter from the Illinois State Industrial Union Council:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Words are inadequate to express our sincere appreciation for your inspiring invocation and dramatic address at our Thirteenth Constitutional Convention.

It was indeed a privilege and great pleasure having you with us, and we felt most fortunate that you could arrange your busy schedule and participate.

We shall send you a copy of our proceedings for your library when they are printed.

With all best personal regards and good wishes, I am

Cordially yours,

Maurice F. McElligott, Sec.-Treas.

* * *

Next there is a little Thank-U-Gram from Myrtle Dean Clark, President of

the Conference of Presidents and Program Chairmen:

"In recognition of the good you have done me always, Dear Dr. Bradley, by your responsiveness, aliveness — your responsiveness to all great causes, your aliveness to the need for inspiration and love wherever and whenever you can give it. You are a Great Soul!

"Thank you for coming."

Myrtle Dean Clark.

* * *

Though the tone of our letters is ever the same—gratitude for the quality of the service given, yet we try to publish those which show the great variety covered by Dr. Bradley's schedule. The following is from the Lombard Junior Chamber of Commerce, Lombard, Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for speaking at our "Outstanding Man of the Year" banquet last Tuesday.

As always, you did a wonderful job and I have heard nothing but very fine comments about both your talk and the banquet.

Your presence at the banquet assured a success.

Cordially yours,

Lawrence Avril, President.

Lombard Junior Chamber of Commerce

* * *

From Washington, D.C. came this message:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The writer is one who believes in giving expression to an impression. And this is to let you know your "Ten Words, etc.," has been read and reread—gave it to a friend interested in Unity, who told me it is an inspiration. Keep up the good work. We need more like you. As the Bishop closes, "God love you."

Sincerely,

Eugene Goff.

From Santa Monica, California, from the Reverend Frank Dyer, Presiding Archbishop of the American Council of Ecumenical Churches came this message:

My dear Preston:

It was good to receive from my Brother-in-law the Daily News quotation on your inclusion in the Congregational fold. Knowing full well that it is of the very essence of your own life I rejoice in the step you and they have taken. I am fond of saying to many "The whole church means more to me than any one part of it." I am also glad that Harvard has returned its Divinity School to an ecumenical basis. Pusey and Horton are a good combination! Christian Unitarianism is a part of their great heritage—may they be helped to use it.

Blessings on you. Your step will help a lot. Come out soon and give California a lift.

I have just finished a 10-weeks course on "Pathways Through the Bible" in the Disciples Church here and performed for the Episcopal Church a week ago. So we can both say "Don't shut me in."

Greetings both to you and Morriston.

Ever yours,

Frank Dyer.

* * *

From a nearer city, Joliet, Illinois, came word from the General Chairman of the Distinguished Service Award 1956 Banquet:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Once again the voice of Dr. Preston Bradley lived up to its reputation built over a span of forty-odd years. You made the greatest single contribution to the success of the 1956 Distinguished Service Award Banquet. For this, I add my personal sincere thanks to those of the Joliet Jaycees.

I shall always remember your gra-

cious compliment to my toastmastering efforts.

Sincerely,
Glenn Ressler, General Chairman,
1956 D. S. A. Banquet.

* * *

And now we cross the Atlantic as we pluck from the Mail Bag a letter from The Evangelical Catholic Communion, from the Publicity Secretary, the Rev. erend G. F. Tull, O.B., The Haven, Tickeridge Lane, Blackboys, nr. Uckfield, Sussex, England:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for continuing to send me "The Liberalist," which I read from cover to cover, usually in the train whilst traveling. Though (as a credal Christian) I have a different viewpoint from yourself, I greatly appreciate that cheerfulness and optimism of which your magazine is full. Several times I have quoted points from your published Addresses. I am also glad that you find room for poetry in "The Liberalist."

A Universalist friend, the Rev. Arthur Peacock (who lives only about a mile from me and runs the Royhill Holiday Centre, Blackboys) told me that he met you during your 1955 Summer vacation.

All good wishes for the future; please go on campaigning for world peace and goodwill.

Yours sincerely,
G. F. Tull.

* * *

We return to Chicago for the next letter, from Mrs. Howard G. Mayer, of Roscoe Street:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to thank you sincerely for giving of yourself and your time to our patients at the Psychsomatic and Psychiatric Institute of Michael Reese Hospital last Friday afternoon.

It really meant a great deal to them and many have asked since how it came about they were fortunate enough to hear *you*. Everyone seems to appreciate your crowded schedules and to realize what the visit cost you in terms of time and effort.

We of the staff are particularly grateful that you came because our patients cannot all have campus privileges—that means no chapel services are available to them. They cannot leave the confines of our building which does not have a chapel. There is one more very important reason why we were so glad you came. The only services ever held at M. R. H. are those commemorating the Jewish holidays. No Christian services at all. This particular time of the year is a very sad and lonely one for the hospitalized patient—and we think even more so for the mental patient who has already lost so much contact with the things that are meaningful to him . . .

It may interest you to learn that as far as we have been able to determine, you are the first non-Jewish clergyman ever to address a patient group at Michael Reese Hospital—definitely we know this is true in the psychiatric department.

Again let me thank you . . . Howard joins me in sending our best wishes.

Sincerely,
Mae Mayer.

* * *

A young farmer down in Aledo, Illinois, wrote to Dr. Bradley asking for his old license plate, as he was making a collection of license plates. We sent the plate to him and received the following nice letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I received your pair of 1955 license plates on January 4th, and I was certainly very pleased to get them. Thank you so much for your kindness.

I now have numbers 2, 5, 6 and 9

in my collection. To me, these one-digit plates are rare and how proud I am to have them. But if it wasn't for wonderful people like you to send them to me, I wouldn't have any.

Mr. Charles Haas of Chicago has number 4 and he has promised me his old plates. That will give me another one-digit plate.

We now have 140 members in our license plate association. I certainly do enjoy receiving plates from other parts of the world. I now have plates from 27 different foreign countries.

I certainly hope sometime I may have the pleasure of meeting you. Since I am a farmer, I don't get to Chicago very often, but one of these times when I am in Chicago, I will try and give you my personal thanks for all your kindness.

My family and I wish to extend to you a very prosperous 1956 and may the best of everything come to you and yours.

Sincerely yours,
Maynard Marquis, Jr.
Route 3, Aledo, Ill.

* * *

In February Dr. Bradley spoke for "Polio Living" in Bloomington, Illinois, at the Wesleyan Memorial Center. Mr. Charles S. Kirkpatrick, of Bloomington, of the Kirkpatrick House Furnishing Company, wrote Dr. Bradley, as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Welcome back to Bloomington! Perhaps you will recall a visit to our city in October, 1926—thirty years ago—when you appeared at an evening dinner in the Scottish Rite Temple before the Bloomington Consistory Club.

The entire program was devoted to and centered around the members of the Izaak Walton League. As Chairman of the Club's entertainment committee I assumed charge of the event.

People then talked of your address for many days afterward. You may like to see these letters.

Mr. Kirkpatrick enclosed two letters written in 1926 by the then Exec. Sec. of the Izaak Walton League of America, Ed. H. Philippi, and Ewart H. Ross, the Managing Editor of "Outdoor America," the magazine owned and published by the I.W.L.A. Mr. Philippi was congratulating Mr. Kirkpatrick on the big meeting which his chapter had held. The other was congratulating him on the Bloomington Consistory Club's interesting themselves in the League, and added: "The fact that Dr. Preston Bradley, than whom there is no finer nor more eloquent speaker interested in conservation, will make your meeting both interesting and educational."

* * *

From the far South Side of Chicago came a letter from a radio listener:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Am sharing with your church a part of some money I received as a gift. No amount one could send would ever sufficiently compensate for the joy and benefits derived from your services over the air. My wish: may there *always* be sufficient funds to continue this great service to the American people. Success to you, your Church, and your many services.

Most sincerely,
Marion Cranshaw.

* * *

One of our writers asked about May Ferguson. She evidently missed the issue in which Dr. Bradley told of her passing. In Miss Ferguson's last letter to Dr Bradley she wrote:

"These are very heavy days for me —I can see very little now. But I'll not complain, but 'look unto the hills from whence cometh our help.'

"You have made my life so much brighter."

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

1—Address. WBKB-TV.
Morning Service. Peoples Church.

4—Address, 33rd Annual Luncheon, Friends of Drama. Blackstone Hotel.
Funeral.
Opening Weds. Eve. Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

5—Address. Chicago Public Library.
Two Funerals.

6—Funeral.

8—Two Services. Peoples Church.

11—Photographer from Herald American took photos in Study.
Conference with Mr. Votow from Uptown Commission.
Conference with Carleton Ihde, Religion Editor, Chicago Daily News.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

12—Address, Annual Banquet, Akron Real Estate Board. Mayflower Hotel.

14—Address, C.I.O. State Convention. Morrison Hotel.
Wedding.
Reception and Banquet, I.W.L.A., Old Heidelberg, honoring Dr. Bradley; and 32nd Anniv. of League.

15—Two Services. Peoples Church.

17—Address, Lombard Junior Association of Commerce Award Dinner.

18—Cut records for Monitor, NBC, Merchandise Mart, with Ed. Cooney of I.W.L.A.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

19—Address. Chicago Public Library.
Made recording with Rev. and Mrs. Paul Newey, of Lord's Prayer—English and Aramaic.
Address, 25th Annual Award Banquet, Junior Association of Commerce. Joliet, Illinois.

20—Address, Annual Banquet Junior Association of Commerce. Monmouth, Illinois.

22—Two Services. Peoples Church.

23—Two Christenings. Peoples Church.
Sick calls.
Meeting of Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.

24—Funeral.
Sick calls.
Address, Temple Ezra Men's Club.

25—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

26—Address. Chicago Public Library.
Luncheon with Mr. Turner from Alma College.
Radio interview from Isbell's.

27—Address. Jewish Synagogue, 5029 Kenmore Ave.

29—Two Services. Peoples Church.
Wedding.

30—Address, Bureau Service Co., High School Auditorium. Princeton, Ill.

31—Invocation at Opening of National Heart Campaign. Grand Ballroom, Palmer House.

WEDDINGS

14—Ruby Rebey and Carl Worthington

29—Betty Findley and Alva J. Holmes

CHRISTENINGS

23—Charlene Ann Simonson and Roberta Josephine Simonson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Simonson

FUNERALS

4—Ellen Dennis

5—Mrs. Mary Lunn
John W. Rabby

6—Mandel Lowenstein

24—Earl Paige

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

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Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service .....7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures.....8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, March 5th, Education Department, Mrs. H. B. Spencer, Chairman, Mrs. W. L. Jones, Co-Chairman, presenting Mrs. Clifton K. Timmons, whose subject will be: "Meeting the Needs of the Potential Delinquents." Hostesses: Mrs. Herman Heinrichs, Mrs. J. J. Koch, Mrs. John Wayland.....1:00 p.m.

Monday, March 19th, Music and Drama Department, Mrs. Carl Marinello, Chairman, Mrs. George P. Hettinger, Co-Chairman. Vocal and Piano Concert by Miss Constance Eberling, Concert Pianist, who studied under Rudolph Ganz of the Chicago Musical College of Roosevelt University for ten years and has been soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Hostesses: Mrs. Christ Larsen, Mrs. William Emrich, Mrs. W. E. Walker .....1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Monday evening, March 5th, Ever-popular SAM CAMPBELL, in his new nature-travelogue, "THE ALLURE OF THE NORTH WOODS," his favorite subject. It will touch your heart and your funny-bone too. The Philosopher of the Forest, sponsored by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. No admission. Open to the public. Bring the family.....8:00 p.m.
Men's Club—Tuesday, March 27th, Anderson Hall. Program to be announced.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*
Channing Club, as announced, Anderson Hall.....8.00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.
Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

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